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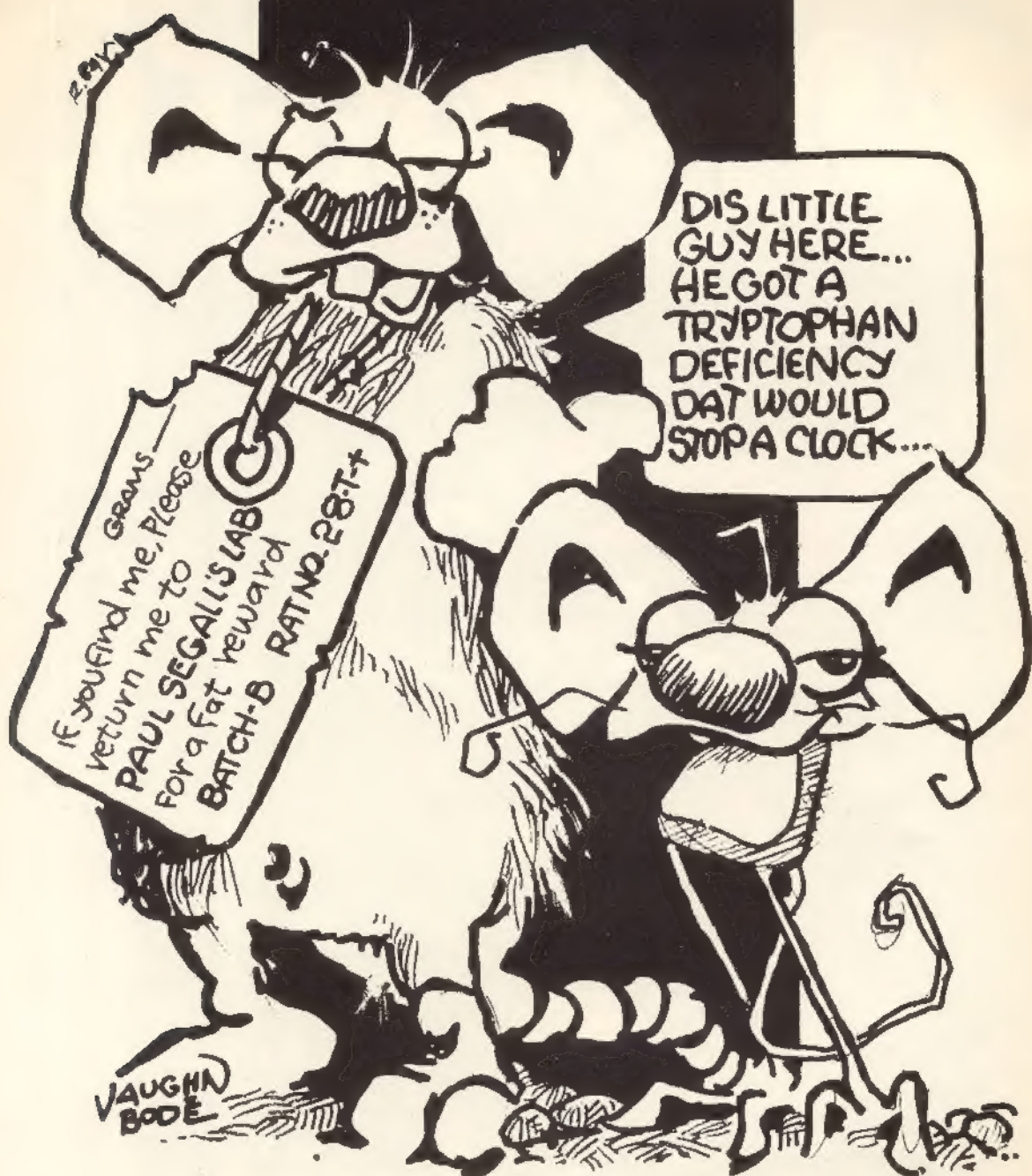
# JUNKWAFFEL

by VAUGHN BODÉ

FOR ADULTS ONLY

50¢





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ALL RIGHTS RESERVED FOREVER... PUBLISHED BY THE PRINT MINT  
830 FOLGER AVE, BERKELEY, CALIF, 94710.. GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.  
THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED TO LARRY TODD AND MY SON, MARK...



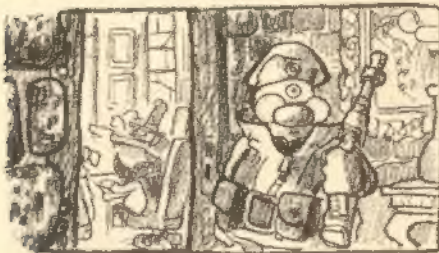
# TUBS



by  
**VAUGHN  
BODE**

**HERE IS A SMALL PLANET, WHICH MUST REMAIN NAMELESS FOR NOW, WHOSE NAME IS BOWLING BEAN...**  
THIS STRANGE BUT HOSPITABLE LITTLE WORLD ORBITS THE SUN [ALONG WITH FOUR OTHER OFFICIALLY UNDISCOVERED PLANETS], IN A PLANE PERPENDICULAR TO THE REST OF OUR SOLAR FAMILY!!... IN FACT TWICE EACH YEAR IT ACTUALLY PASSES THROUGH THE HORIZONTAL ORBITAL PLANE SMACK BETWEEN EARTH AND VENUS! HOWEVER, EARTH AND VENUS ARE SELDOM AROUND THAT SIDE OF THEIR ORBITS FOR A PLANETARY CONJUNCTION....  
**ABUNDANT LIFE ABOUNDS ON BOWLING BEAN...** LIFE WHICH HAS BUILT ITS OWN COMPLEX SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC STRUCTURES ODDLY PARALLELING EARTH'S... ALTHOUGH, CERTAINLY, DIFFERENCES EXIST BETWEEN US, WE ARE QUITE ALIKE AS YOU WILL DISCOVER...  
NOW, IF SOCIAL AND COMMUNIAL EVOLUTION HAS MIMICKED EARTH'S, SO HAS BOWLING BEAN'S PROBLEMS... BUT WITH ONE VERY IMPORTANT DIFFERENCE; SIZE... A PRESSING BUT WORKABLE PROBLEM DOWN ON BIG OLD EARTH BECOMES, IN PROPORTION, AN IMMEDIATE AND DESPERATE DILEMMA FOR THE LITTLE COUNTRIES OF BOWLING BEAN... I CANNOT RELEASE THE EXACT DETAILS OF THESE PLANETS HERE, BUT I WILL SAY BOWLING BEAN IS MUCH SMALLER THAN OUR OWN MOON... BOWLING BEAN IS INDEED SO SMALL IT'S DIAMETER COULD EASILY FIT IN THE MOON'S GREAT CRATER, CLAVIUS!!!  
BUT THIS DOES NOT LESSEN THE GRAVITY OF THE SITUATION, THIS DOES NOT LIGHTEN THE BURDEN ALL BOWLING BEANESE MUST CARRY...

**THE SCENE:** PARLIAMENT BUILDING IN THE CAPITAL CITY OF NICKY POO, TEDDY PENNY SOUTH... REPRESENTATIVES OF EVERY MAJOR NATION ON BOWLING BEAN ARE MEETING IN BILGE HALL ON THE SECOND FLOOR OF PARLIAMENT BUILDING... THE COUNTRY OF NICKY POO IS OFFICIATING AT THIS FIRST INTERNATIONAL EMERGENCY ASSEMBLY... STEWART SYMINGTON CRANBERRY WAS, OF COURSE, THE NATURAL CHOICE FOR PRESIDENT OF THE ASSEMBLY...



**STEWART SYMINGTON CRANBERRY SPEAKS:**

**OKAY, LET'S CAN THA HORSEPLAY!!**  
...QUIET PLEASE, DA AMBASSADOR FROM NICKY POO, THA HONORABLE BRANDY PUNTLOUSE, WANTS THA FLOOR...



HEY, STEW, I TOLD YOU I DOESN'T WANT NO FLOOR, WHAT I GONNA DO WIF A BIG FLOOR LIKE DISP. EN? ANSWER ME DAT... ALL I WANTS IS TO TALK...

'HAVING DA FLOOR' NITWIT IS NOT LIKE OWNING IT... IT MEANS YOU IS RECOGNIZED BY THA ASSEMBLY TO SPEAK...  
...SO SPEAK...



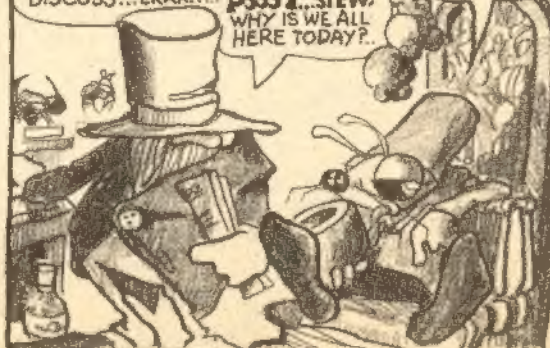
**OH MAN...** NOW LISTEN YOU LITTLE TIC, YOUSE CAN JUST ADOPT A CIVIL ATTITUDE IN DAT BEAKY MOUFF OF YERS!... I IS NEW AT DIS PUBLIC ADDRESS BIT AN I NOT UPON DA PHRASEOLOGY JUST YET...

YOU NEVER BEEN UPON ANYTHING BUT DA SAUCE, SOUSE BELLY...  
...TALK...

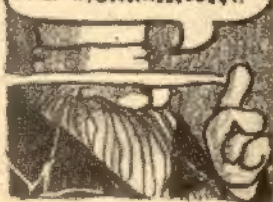


**HELLO DISTINGUISHED STUFF AN** DISGUSTING ENEMIES... WE IS GATHERED HERE TODAY TO JOIN IN DA' HANDS OF... NO... DAT NOT IT EXACTLY, LOST MY TRAIN OF THOUGHT HERE... **AHH...** WE IS GATHERED TOGETHER TO... **AHM,** DISCUSS... **ERRR...** **PSSTT...** STEW, WHY IS WE ALL HERE TODAY?...

**EEESH!**  
WE IS ALL GONNA DIE, RUM POT!



**AHH YES...** WELL DAT'S A FACT ALRIGHT... WE ALL ON THA PROVERBIAL THRESHOLD OF **DADDY DOOM** IF WE DOESN'T RESOLVE OUR TWAGIC DILEMMA... AND WE ALL KNOWS DA GRAVITY OF OUR PROBLEM... I MEAN, LOOK AROUND, FOR DA FIRST TIME IN YEARS WE FORGETTIN' NATIONAL DIFFERENCES AN UNITING TO FIGHT OUR COMMON ENEMY, **STARVATION!!**





**DATRIGHT, STARVATION!!** WE HASN'T GOT ENOUGH FOOD ON DIS CRUMMY LITTLE PLANET TO FEED OUR PLAGUE-LIKE POPULATIONS...IT ESTIMATED DAT WIDE SPREAD FAMINE CERTAIN TO HIT AT SIX O'CLOCK NEXT YEAR! **NOW, BIRTH CONTROL**, WE ALL TRIED IT, RIGHT? I IS SPEAKIN' IN DA NATIONAL SENSE, OF COURSE... BUT ENFORCED BIRTH CONTROL ONLY WHIPPED UP DA MASS APPETITES! DA BIRTH RATE WENT UP 37 PERCENT IN SIX MONTHS!! **CHUCKLE...**



**UM? YES, DA THING IN DA BACKROW HAS A QUESTION?...**



**AHH... DAT'S DOWN DA HALL FIRST DOOR TO THA RIGHT...**



**GENTLE STUFF OF THA ASSEMBLY WE CANNOT FOOL OURSELVES ANYMORE! WE MUST ACT, WE MUST STRIKE OUT AGAINST DIS ONCOMIN' NAUSEOUS CATASTROPHY!!...**

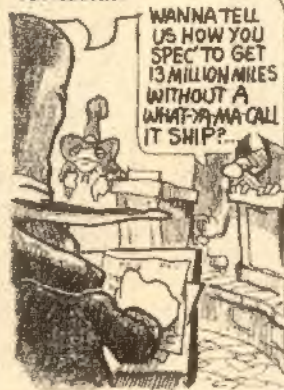


**THAT FINE FOR YOU TO SAY, RUMMY, WE ALL AGREES... BUT WHAT CAN WE DO?...**

**COL. BIRMINGHAM HERE, 1ST FROG REPUBLIC....** AN REITERATES MY EARLIER SUGGESTION; WE SHOULD INVADE DAT BIG GREEN AN BLUE PLANET WE PASSES EVERY SO OFTEN...



**JUS SIT DOWN, YOU SMELLY TOAD** AN KEEP YER MORONIC ULTY-PAD REMARKS TO YERSELF!!



**WANNA TELL US HOW YOU SPEC TO GET 13 MILLION MILES WITHOUT A WHAT-YA-MA CALL IT SHIP?...**

**WE'LL COULD USE OL' SOUSE BELLY THERE... HE SO FULL OF HOT AIR ALL HE GOTTA DO IS HOLD HIS BREATH AN UP HEGO SUPPORTIN' A WHOLE ARMY!!**



**WHY YOU STINKIN' SLIMEY TOAD!!** I'LL PULL OFF YOU SE LEGS AN USE EM AS FROG-QUILL PENS, **HAW HAW**



**NOW THEN... I HAS... QUIET PLEASE, I IS STILL GOT DA FLOOR... I HAS A SOLUTION DAT'S A LITTLE MORE PRACTICAL DEN, WART MOUTHS' DUMB SUGGESTION... WHAT WE NEEDS IS NOT BETTER BIRTH CONTROL... NO... WHAT WE NEEDS IS MORE FOOD, AN UNLIMITED SUPPLY TO FEED DA MILLING MULTITUDES!**



**LISTEN TO DA BOOZE BAG WILL YA... HE KNOWS WE DON'T GOT ENOUGH FOOD SO HE RUBBIN' IT IN WITH DUMB DOUBLE INNUENDOES...**



**YEAH, YOU STUMPY WINE-O, WHY YOU TRYIN' TO STIR US UP WITH YOUR WARPED SENSE OF HUMOR?!**

**I WASN'T PLAYIN WIF YER BASE EMOTIONS... SO DON'T GET UPPITY BUSTER OR I'LL WRAP YOU UP IN ALUMINUM FOIL AN MAKE THA GREEN WART DANCE ON YA'!** WHAT WE NEED IS ABUNDANT FOOD STUFFS, A WHOLE UNTAPPED SUPPLY OF GOOD THINGS TO EAT...



**HEY BEER FAT, WHEN YOU GONNA SHUT UP AN LET US ADJOURN FOR LUNCH? I IS FAMISHED...**



**WILL YOU STOP!!** YOU KEEP IT UP AN KEEP IT UP!! I GONNA CRUSH YOU FAT LITTLE HANDS WIF DIS BOTTLE IF YOU HAS DA GALL TO INTERRUPT ME JUS ONCE MORE!!... I IS TRYIN' TO LAY A REAL BLOCK BUSTER ON DIS CONFERENCE AN YOU KEEP BLOWIN' THA MOOD...

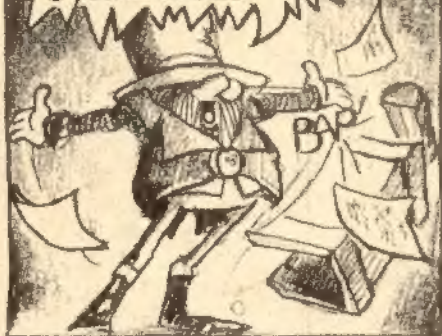




**NOW THEN....I IS HAPPY TO ANNOUNCE  
DAT NICKY POO HAS INDEED FOUND A  
FANTASTIC, UTTERLY UNEXPLOITED FOOD  
SOURCE!... YEAH... AN... IS YOU ALL  
SITTIN' DOWN?... DIS GONNA STUN  
LIKE CRAZY... AN, OUR NEW FOOD SOURCE.  
NOW GET THIS....**



**... OUR NEW FOOD SOURCE IS  
GONNA BE PREHISTORIC  
MONSTERS BY DA  
MOUNTAIN LOAD!!  
♪TA-DA!♪**



**OH MAN, WHAT A DUMB  
BELL GROUP DIS IS... I'D  
LIKE TO HAVE YOU GUYS  
AT MY FUNERAL AS  
DOOR JAMBS. COME ON,  
LET'S HAVE A LITTLE WILD  
JUBILATION AN FOOT  
STOMPIN'!!.. NICKY POO  
AN YOU GONNA EXPLOIT  
DA DINOSAUR POTENTIAL...  
.....NOTHIN.....**



**SOMEBODY GIVE  
ME A GUN TO KILL  
DIS DRUNKIN'  
PERVERT WITH!!..**

**HERE, SHOOTS A  
LITTLE TO THA'  
LEFT....**

**RIGHT...**



**CUT IT OUT! BRANDY  
ISN'T PUTTIN' YOUSE ON!  
NICKY POO HAS A  
TIME MACHINE!!**



**... NICKY POO HAS  
A TIME MACHINE?..**



**WELL, WE HAVEN'T GOT  
ONE EXACTLY, BUT WE  
HAS ACCESS TO ONE  
FOR A SMALL FEE....  
FOUR MILLION PAPER  
DOLLARS FOR THA FIRST  
THREE TRIPS AN ONE  
HUNDRED THOU' FOR  
EACH ADDITIONAL TRIP  
THERE AFTER....**



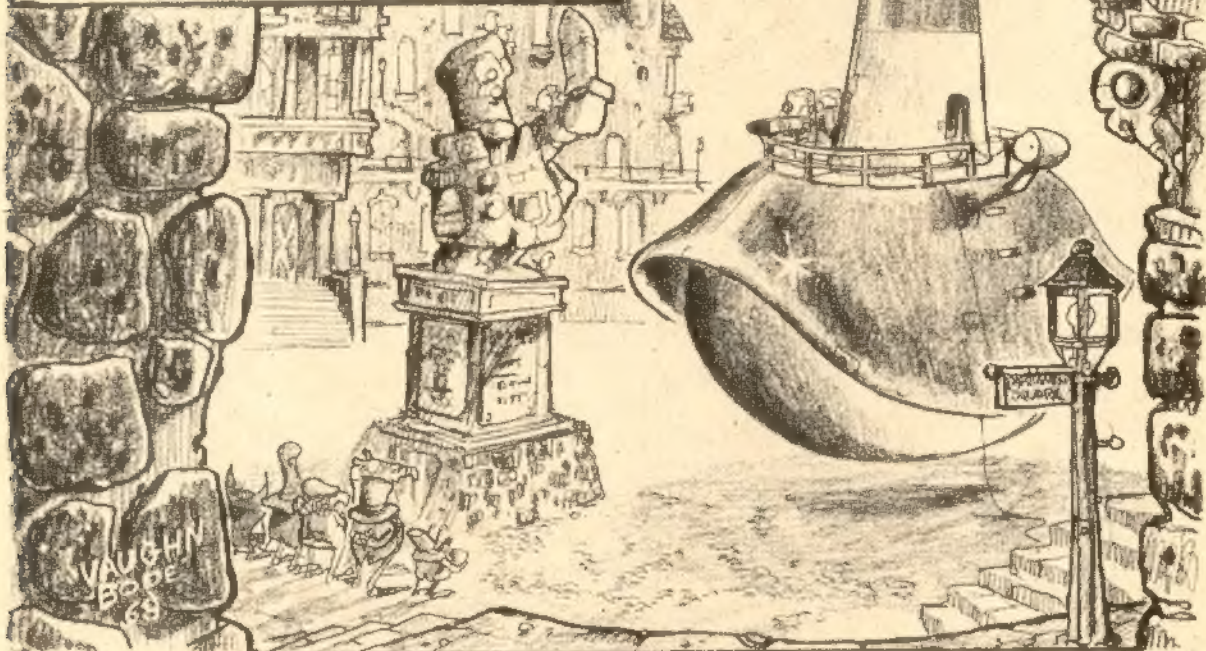
**DAT, AHH KINDA  
STEEPE EVEN FOR  
A TIME MACHINE  
RENTAL... JUST  
WHEN WOULD DIS,  
ER' TIME  
DEVICE BE  
AVAILABLE TO US?  
IF WE VOTED UP  
THA' MONEY, DAT IS..**



**THE TIME TOWER AN IT'S INVENTOR,  
PILOT, SPY ARE ALREADY WORKING  
FOR US!!... HE COMPLETED HIS SECOND  
MISSION THIS MORNING AN NICKY POO  
IS PICKIN' UP THA TAB FOR IT, EIGHT  
MILLION BEANS!!.. BUT, THIS INCLUDES  
THE EVENTUAL CONSTRUCTION OF A LARGE  
SCALE TRANSPORTER TO SEND DA  
PREHISTORIC MEAT UP TO US... NOW, WE  
WILL SUPPLY THE MILITARY PERSONNEL  
NEEDED TO MAN THE FIRST FOOTHOLD  
IN TIME AN THA EIGHT MILLION, BUT MORE  
DEN DIS WE CAN'T DO... YOUSE GUYS  
GOTTA FORK OVER THA' REST.. YOU DON'T  
HAVE TO VOTE NOW  
BECAUSE WE ALL  
GONNA ADJOURN  
OUTSIDE... I HAS  
ARRANGED FOR  
MR SPY TO LAND  
HIS TIME TOWER  
IN THA SQUARE!!**







5 PLY, I WOULD LIKE YOU TO TELL THE INTERNATIONAL EMERGENCY ASSEMBLY EXACTLY WHAT WE HAS DONE SO FAR...

NO... WHAT?

I WANT MY REMUNERATION.

OKAY, RIGHT AFTER DIS...

DO NOT TRIFLE WITH ME FINANCIALLY. I MUST HAVE THAT MONEY...

OKAY, I SAID BUT YA GOTTA TALK TO EM!!



.... I AM 5 PLY... THE SHIP IS THE TIME TOWER... I WILL WARN ANY OF YOU NOT TO RUSH AT ME OR MAKE THREATENING MOVES OF ANY KIND... THIS SPHERE THAT FLOATS BESIDE ME IS MY DOOM MARBLE, AN ADVANCED WEAPONS SYSTEM... IT WILL DESTROY MY ENEMIES... MY ASSIGNMENT IS TO ESTABLISH AN INITIAL BASE OR FORT IN A TIME ZONE THAT WILL MEET YOUR REQUIREMENTS... I HAVE DONE THIS... THERE IS A LARGE LAND MASS SEVENTY-EIGHT MILLION YEARS BACK... I HAVE SURVEYED THIS CONTINENT BY AIR AND IT HAS VAST AMOUNTS OF EDIBLE BEASTS... ON MY SECOND ENTRANCE, I HAVE SPENT SEVEN WEEKS CONSTRUCTING A SMALL, RUDIMENTARY FORTRESS ON THE SHORE LINE... MY NEXT TRIP, I WILL CARRY IN AN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE AND SUPPLIES... I AM FINISHED... GIVE ME MY REMUNERATION....



CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE



# MACHINES

by  
VAUGHN  
FREDRIC  
BODE'

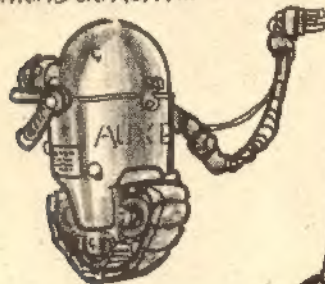




# PUNKERPAN BI-POD MODEL 1926

MODEL 1926 WAS NEVER OFFICIALLY UPDATED AND REMAINS TODAY THE SAME REMARKABLE ACHIEVEMENT IN DESIGN AS IN 1926... AS METALS AND PLASTICS WERE DEVELOPED THEY REPLACED LESS DURABLE MATERIALS... YOU CAN READILY IMAGINE THE FIRE POWER AND EFFECTIVENESS OF A SQUAD OF PUNKERPANS CHASING THE ENEMY DOWN A TREE UNED DIRT ROAD...

BELOW IS THE SELF PROPELLED AUXILIARY BRAIN WHICH, WHEN PLUGGED INTO AN OFFICER, ALLOWS HIM ABOUT 62% OF THE HUMAN THINKING CAPACITY...



ESTIMATED PRODUCTION COSTS VARY, BUT COULD BE EXPECTED TO RUN ON ABOUT 25.00 EACH... DEPENDING ON RUST PROOFING AND FINISH, OF COURSE...



THE SPECIAL FORCES VERSION OF THE PUNKERPAN M. 1926... THE ONLY REAL DIFFERENCE MECHANICALLY IS THE ADDITION OF PARACHUTE HARNESS CLAMPS... AND IT IS CAMOUFLAGED FOR JUNGLE FIGHTING... THE IMPORTANT ALTERATION IS THE SCRAMBLING OF THE BRAIN WIRES THIS PRODUCES THE TYPICAL COMPUNCTIONLESS SPECIAL FORCES KILLER SO NECESSARY TO CIVILIZED ARMIES.

VAUGHN BODE

THE BODE BATTERY BRAIN & PAN ALTHOUGH OUTWARDLY LOOKING LIKE A BOWLFUL OF COLORED SPAGHETTI, IT IS REALLY A COMPLEX MESS OF SENSITIVE WIRES THAT ACTUALLY PRODUCE AN INTELLIGENT AWARENESS... OF SORTS...

NO. 36 TYPE B8B & P



THE DEADLY BRP'OR BODE RECOLLESS 30 CAL AIR COOLED PUNT PUNT GUN...

PHOTO SENSITIVE GOGGEL EYE

PPBPM 1926'S ARE AIDED BY SERVICE MODELS WHICH HAVE ARMS BUT NO ARMAMENT. THEY CARRY AMMUNITION, PARTS, TOOLS, OIL AND MAIL FROM OTHER PPBPM 1926'S...

CAN SECTION ROLLERS

DIVISION OR ARMY OR NATIONAL INSIGNIA USUALLY LOCATED HERE.

THE EXTERIOR COOLING VENT. THIS AREA IS QUITE VULNERABLE TO CLOGGING WITH DIRT OR INSECTS AND MUST BE INSPECTED FREQUENTLY.

THIS IS THE ORIGINAL PUNKERPAN DESIGN.. MODEL 1915 OR THE PUNKERPAN 'WILLY WHEEL'. GRANDFATHER BODE ACTUALLY BUILT TEN OF THESE TO DEMONSTRATE TO THE KISER, BUT THEY ALL WENT BERSERK DURING A LIGHTNING STORM AND HAD A SHOOT OUT WITH THE LOCAL PRUSSIAN MILITIA... THE TEN DEMONSTRATION MODELS WERE DESTROYED IN VARIOUS WAYS RANGING FROM BLUNDER BUSS WOUNDS, TO SABERS TO PITCHFORKS. TO THIS DAY IN THE LITTLE TOWN SQUARE OF THE MOUNTAIN VILLAGE THERE IS A STATUE HONORING THE GALLANT POSTMASTER WHO FELL DEFENDING GERMAN SOIL...

AIR COOLED FOOT FLAP FOR EXTENDED MARCHING...

AMMO BELT

SHELL EJECTION HATCH

GUN HOUSING

B8B & P

THE BODE LONG LIFE MINI-CELL BATTERY OR 'BLMC'

INTERIOR OPTICAL CONGLOMERATION

INTERIOR INSPECTION LIGHT...

APPARATUS TRUNK

COOLING STATION

LITTLE, BUT POWERFUL INTERIOR MOTIVATION MUSCLE MOTOR... OR MMM...

MOTOR FUEL IS STORED IN THE HOLLOW LEG TUBES..

KNEE BOLT

4 FT HIGH



# HYPOCKET INFANTRY MACHINE MODEL 1940

HYPOCKETS ARE EXTREMELY...AHN...GOOD...AS GROUND INFANTRY...THE FIRST MODEL THAT WAS BUILT IN DECEMBER OF 1940 WAS AS AMIABLE AND LIKEABLE A CHAP TO BE FOUND ANYWHERE...BUT, PUT IT IN A BATTLEFIELD SITUATION AND YOU HAVE AN EFFECTIVE, FAIRLY FEARLESS COMBATANT...ALMOST...

THERE ARE CERTAIN FLAWS TO THIS MODEL THAT MODERN MANUFACTURERS ARE STILL CAUTIONED ABOUT...HYPOCKETS VERY OFTEN SUFFER THE HORRIBLE ANTI-MILITARY DISEASE CALLED 'EMPATHY'... CERTAINLY THEY ARE NOT PRODUCED WITH IT AS AN INTENDED FEATURE OF THEIR MENTAL PICTURE...WE BELIEVE, PERHAPS BECAUSE OF THE GREAT EFFECTIVE EYES, THAT HYPOCKETS DEVELOP AN ULTRA OR OUTSIDE AWARENESS OF THEIR SURROUNDINGS...THEY MAY, ON OCCASION, WHEN THE DISEASE IS ACUTE, BREAK DOWN EMOTIONALLY...HOWEVER, THEY ARE CHEAP ENOUGH THAT THOUSANDS CAN BE LOST IN THE CLASSIC FRONTAL ASSAULT AND NOT STRAIN THE MILITARY BUDGET IN THE LEAST...

HELMET  
W/CLOTH  
COVERING

A LARGE PACK ON  
THE BACK CONTAINS  
THE HYPOCKET'S POWDER  
SOURCE AND HIS  
COMMUNICATION  
EQUIPMENT...

TOOLS, OIL  
EMERGENCY  
SEALS...  
PERSONAL  
EFFECTS...

ILLUS. OF  
HAND AND  
WRIST  
MECHANICS...

IT IS RECOMMENDED, FOR  
ECONOMY THAT HYPOCKET  
MACHINES BE EQUIPPED  
WITH CHEAP, LARGELY  
INEFFECTIVE WEAPONS...

'GES OR  
'GREAT EYES

AMMUNITION  
POUCH

THE HYPOCKETS ARE ENCLOSED IN A  
MUSLIN, HEAVY DUTY PAJAMA LIKE UNIFORM...  
THEY ARE DESIGNED WITH A HIGH BODY  
SECTION MOUNTED ON LONG STURDY LEGS...  
THIS BI-POD FEATURE ALLOWS QUICK  
MOBILITY OVER DIFFICULT TERRAIN...

SINCE THERE IS SO MUCH  
HEAD TROUBLE IN THESE  
M/C'S WE PROVIDE AN  
EASY ACCESS PLATE TO  
THE BBB&P...

THE 'GREAT EYES'  
ARE VERY EFFECTIVE  
IN BOTH DAY AND  
NIGHT OPERATIONS...  
THE HEAVY PLASTIC-  
GLASS LENS IS  
SHATTER PROOF BUT  
NOT BULLET PROOF

LARGE SENSITIVE  
OPTICAL TRACKING  
BULB...

THROAT  
SPEAKER

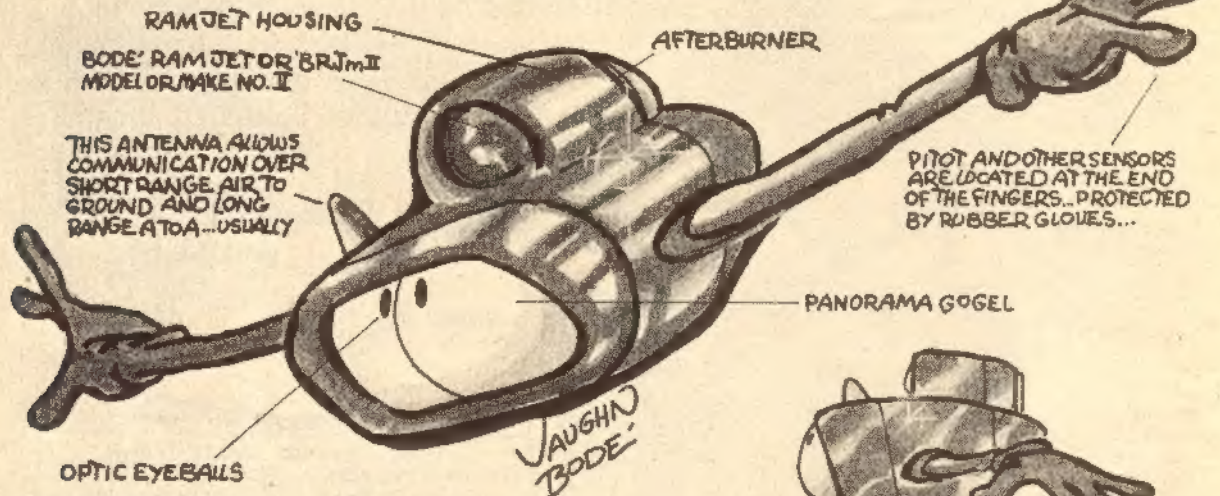
ON A MASS PRODUCTION BASIS, WE CAN FIGURE THE TOTAL COST OF ONE HYPOCKET INFANTRY MACHINE AT 14.95...THIS INEXPENSIVE SOLDIER IS CERTAINLY LIMITED BECAUSE OF ITS 'WORLD PITY' AFFLICTIONS, BUT PERFECTION AND DELETION OF THIS MILITARILY ALIEN QUALITY WOULD NECESSITATE AN ADDITIONAL TEN BUCKS IN CIRCUIT WIRING WHICH IS A LITTLE MUCH IF THOUSANDS UPON THOUSANDS ARE TO BE SHOVELLED INTO THE CANNON'S MOUTH, SO TO SPEAK... SO, WE CAN SUM UP THE ROLE OF HYPOCKET INFANTRY AS INITIAL, INEXPENSIVE CONTACT FORCES THAT ARE DESIGNED TO TAKE THE BRUNT OF ENEMY FIRE POWER BY COMBAT, OF COURSE, BUT ALSO BY MAKING THE ENEMY USE UP ALL ITS AMMUNITION ON THE WAILING, CONFUSED, SENSITIVE LITTLE DEVILS....

VAUGHN  
BODE



# RAMDOVE WEAPONS PLATFORM MODEL 1984

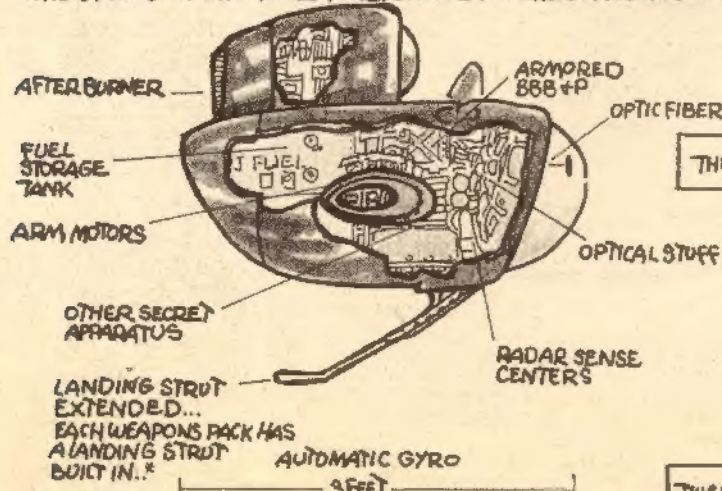
THE RAMDOVES ARE PROBABLY ONE OF THE MOST SOPHISTICATED MACHINE DESIGNS IN THE BODE' CATALOG OF '200 COMBAT MACHINES'... RAMDOVES ARE WEAPONS DELIVERY SYSTEMS IN EVERY SENSE OF THE WORD... THEY ARE QUICKLY ADAPTABLE TO A MULTITUDE OF AIR TO AIR, AIR TO GROUND MISSIONS... IN 60 SECONDS FLAT ATTENDING MECHANICS CAN CONVERT A RAMDOVE BOMBER INTO A RAMDOVE GROUND STRAFING INSTRUMENT... AS A MATTER OF FACT THE RAMDOVE CAN ACTUALLY CONVERT ITSELF, ALTHOUGH THEY NORMALLY FROWN ON 'MEINAL LABOR' THE RAMDOVE PLATFORMS ARE A SUCCESSFUL BODE' EXPERIMENT IN COLLECTIVE OR HIVE COMBAT STRATEGY... AS LONGERS, RAMDOVES ARE INEFFECTIVE IN MAKING INTELLIGENT DECISIONS, BUT IN GROUPS OR WINGS OR SQUADRONS OR WHATEVER TERM IS USED, THEY RESPOND WITH 'ESPRIT DE CORPS, PRECISION, AND ABOVE ALL, RUTHLESSNESS... NOT HATEFULNESS, THAT IMPLIES A WIDE RANGING EMOTIONAL PATTERN, JUST A BLIND, UNEMOTIONAL DEVOTION TO DOING THE JOB...



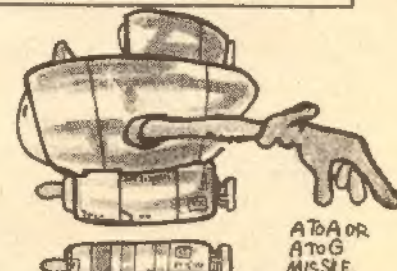
SOME INFORMATION:  
AIR SPEED, CRUISING... 700 MPH  
MAX. A.S. .... 1500 MPH  
(SHORT SPRINT W/AFTER BURNER ONLY)  
RANGE ..... 2,000 MILES  
CIRCUIT ..... 1,000 MILES  
1/2 CIRCUIT ..... 500 MILES

THE COST OF THESE FANTASTIC MACHINES RUNS IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF 25,000.00 EACH. THIS IS DUE MAINLY TO THE DELICATE BRAIN JOB... THEY MUST BE VERY INTELLIGENT YET ACT WITH BLIND, UNREASONING OBEDIENCE... MUCH THE SAME AS FIGHTER PILOTS OF THE 60'S... AND THAT KIND OF CONDITIONING TAKES TIME, DILIGENT PERSISTANCE AND MONEY...

THE RAMDOVE ABOVE IS MOUNTED ON A WEAPONS POD, CARRYING A 20 MM CANNON AND 'VOOO' QUICK FIRE MACHINE GUN



THIS ONE CARRIES A TACTICAL ATOM BOMB



THIS RAMDOVE CARRIES A MISSILE PACK... NUCLEAR

\* THIS IS NOT THE CASE WITH H.A AND REGULAR BOMBS



# STEEL PIMPLE HOVER MACHINE MODEL 1918

STEEL PIMPLES ARE DESIGNED TO MEET THE DEMANDS OF SUPER POPULATIONS LIKE CHINA OR INDIA... IN LIEU OF ARMIES COUNTING IN THE MILLIONS, WE CAN OFFER MILLIONS OF STEEL PIMPLES. TOOLING UP AND GOING INTO MASS PRODUCTION WILL STIMULATE THE ECONOMY TO A SINFUL LEVEL. THEN WHEN MILLIONS ARE DONE THEY WILL RESTORE THE PROPER 1984 ATMOSPHERE... MY GRANDFATHER ACTUALLY TRIED TO SELL HIS ONLY MODEL TO THE CHINESE IN 1919, BUT IT WASN'T WATCHING WHERE IT WAS HOVERING AND IT FELL OFF THE DOCK AT BREMER HAVEN AND SUNK... AGAIN, IN 1936, FIVE MORE WERE BUILT TO DEMONSTRATE THE STEEL PIMPLE 'FIRE BLANKET' OR THE ABILITY OF A SQUAD OF PIMPLES TO COVER ALL FIELDS OF FIRE... AGAIN THE CHINESE WERE TO REVIEW THIS, "WELLY INTRESTIN' WESTERN TOY" BUT FATE WAS UNKIND ONCE AGAIN BECAUSE SOMEONE FILCHED GRANDDAD'S TRUCK WHEN HE STOPPED FOR LUNCH. THE LAST HE SAW OF THE PIMPLES, MY FATHER SAID "WAS THEM HOVERIN AROUND, KINDA MILLING AN NERVOUS LIKE IN THE BACK OF THE TRUCK ASS HE BOUNCED OFF DOWN THE STREET..."

REAR ACCESS HATCH

NEEDLE NOSE CANNON

COOLING VENTS

AIR DEFLECTORS

HEAVY DUTY WHIP RADIO ANTENNA

BBB&P

AIR FAN

2 1/2 FT.  
GREASE DEPOSITS

IMPORTANT OPTICAL CENTER..

NORMAL FLAT AREA HOVER IS 6 INCHES ABOVE THE GROUND HOWEVER THEY CAN MANAGE UP TO TWO FT ON GUSTY DAYS...

CRUDE STEEL PLATE

VAUGHN BODE

STEEL PIMPLES HAVE THE TYPICAL ORIENTAL DEATH WISH DISCOVERED BY THE AMERICANS... THEY LIKE TO MASS UP AND MILL AROUND IN PREPARATION FOR AN UNSTOPPABLE SUICIDE ATTACK WHEN THEIR GREASE HEATS UP ENOUGH THEY ARE VICIOUS FANATICAL, UNPRINCIPLED KILLERS AND THIS, OF COURSE, IS WHERE WE GET THE SAYING, "DON'T GET MY GREASE UP!"

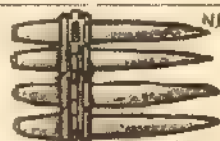
NOW, ON A MASS PRODUCTION OUTPUT WE FIGURE THE INDIVIDUAL PIMPLE WOULD COST A TRIFLING \$150! BUT ONLY IF PRODUCTION IS SCALED PER MILLION...

A NOTE TO PERSPECTIVE BUYERS: THEY ARE SUSCEPTIBLE TO INTERIOR GREASE FIRES CAUSED BY OVER ACTIVITY OF THE NOSE CANNON - BEST TO ROTATE THE CANNON USAGE AND PREVENT NEEDLESS WASTE...



FOR 1.50 PIMPLES AREN'T TOO BRIGHT IN THE BBB&P DEPT. UNLESS UNDER INTELLIGENT RADIO GUIDANCE THEY ARE LIKELY TO GET TALKED OUT OF IT, DRIFT OFF OR FIGHT AMONG THEMSELVES...

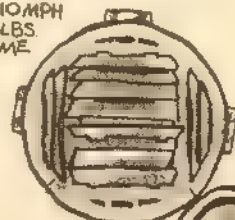
NEEDLE PUNCHERS; PUNCH NEAT LITTLE HOLES IN EITHER MECHANICAL OR ORGANIC OBJECTS. SINCE THE 'BULLETS' ARE STORED IN OLD GREASE THEY ARE LIABLE TO MAKE ANY LIFE FORM SICK TOO.



NPC.

DISINTEGRATING LINKS

INFORMATION  
GROUND SPEED 0-10MPH  
WEIGHT... 400 LBS  
NOISE LEVEL... EXTREME  
(SNEAK ATTACKS OUT OF THE QUESTION)...



THE HOVER APPARATUS CONSISTS OF MOTOR DRIVEN OR POSITIONED AIR DIRECTION PLATES AND INSIDE ONE BIG FOUR BLADE FAN...







WHAT WE HAS HERE IS DA  
MOST FANTASTIC, EYE-POPPIN'  
BREATH-STIFLING, MIND-  
BOGGLING CARTOON STRIP  
IN DA HISTORY OF DA' ENTIRE  
HUMAN RACE.....BEEP.....





DAMN IT, WHERE'S  
DAT OTHER CANDLE?  
... AHH, HERE IT IS...

SCRATCH!  
THAT'S  
BETTER...

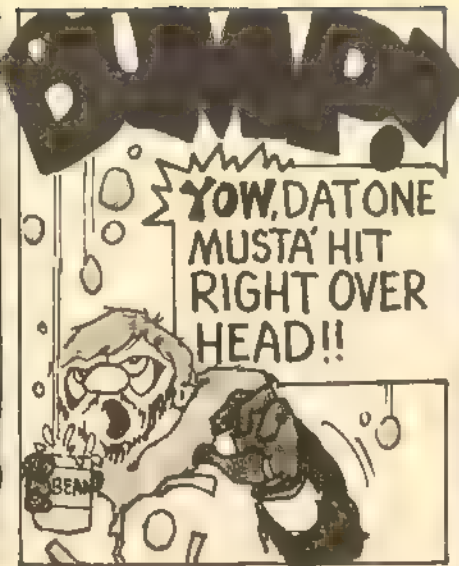
THINK I'LL HAVE  
SOME GRUB...  
ALWAYS HUNGRY...

SLURP, CHOMP, CHOMP..  
BEANS TASTE GOOD...

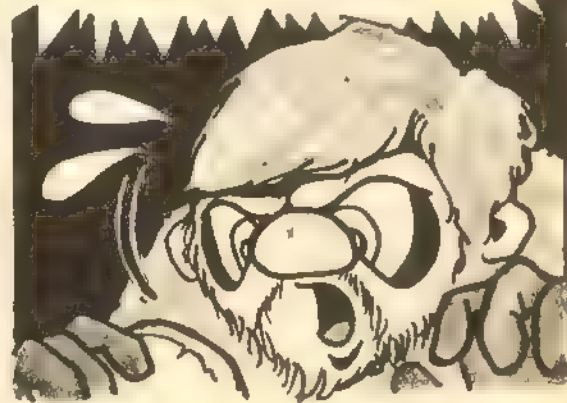
KUPOO!  
BOOOOOO!  
DAMN!!  
THEY'RE STILL  
AT IT UP THERE!



WON'T BE LONG NOW AN' IT  
WILL BE ALLOVER... **SLURP...**  
**CHOMP, CHOMP**....EVER  
SINCE I WAS A KID I LOVED  
BEANS...



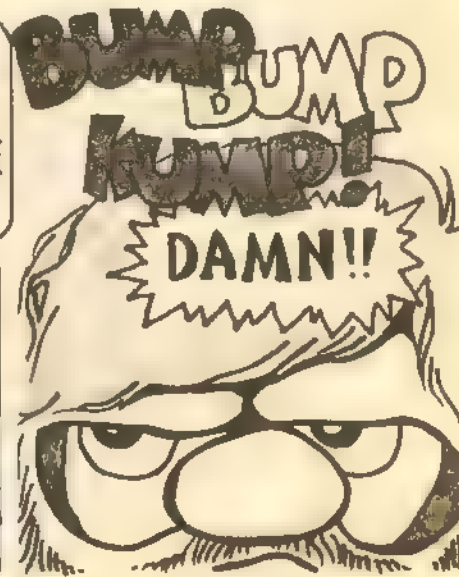
**YOU CRUMMY, ROTTEN  
MACHINES!! YOU GOT  
DIRT IN MY BEANS!!**



CRUMMY, ROTTEN, INCONSIDERATE  
BASSERDS' GOT DIRT IN MY BEANS.  
GOTTA'EAT IT ANYWAY, NOT  
MUCH FOOD LEFT.....

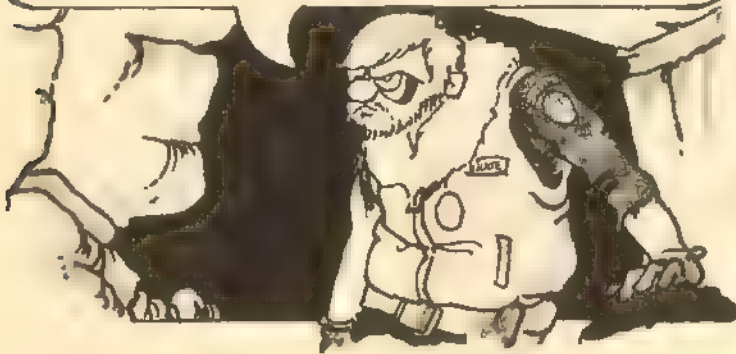


**I USE TO THINK I'D GO MAD...**  
IT TOOK TIME, BUT AFTER  
SIX YEARS I GOT USE TO IT HERE  
...OR IS IT SEVEN YEARS NOW?.....





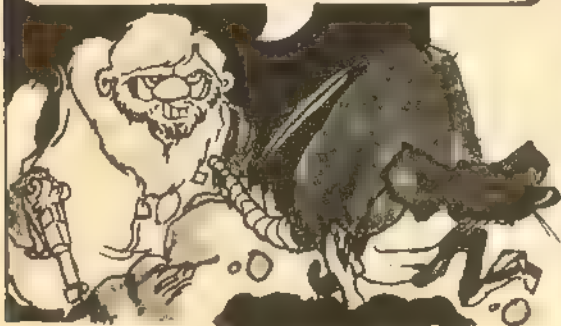
HOW MUCH LONGER CAN THEY  
GO ON?!... I GET SICK OF THIS....  
WAITING FOR THEM TO DIE, TO  
DESTROY EACH OTHER.....



HO, WHAT A LAUGH  
WHEN THEM DIRTY  
MACHINES IS ALL  
MASHED TO JUNK...  
I'LL BE GOING UP  
THERE TO SPIT  
ON EM'... HE, HE, HE



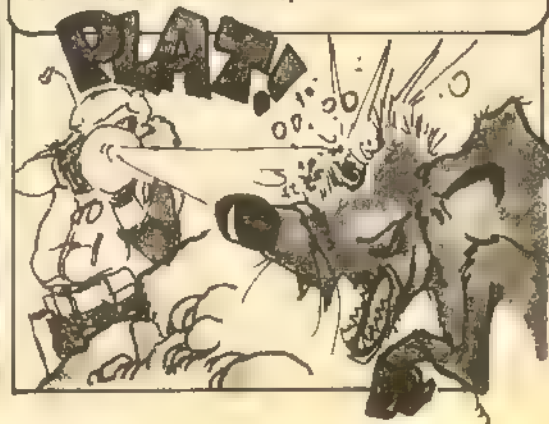
YEAH I CAN SPIT UNTIL  
I'M DRY AN' THEN I'LL  
DANCE A JIG ON THEIR  
RUSTY HULKS... HE, HE, HE



I GET TO THINKIN' I IS  
ALL THAT'S LEFT OF THE  
NOBLE HUMAN RACE...



BUT OTHERS MUST BE  
HIDING DEEP DOWN  
IN THE EARTH, JUS' WAITING...





**BUMPH**

WONDER WHAT  
YEAR THIS IS?...I THINK  
IT'S 2,005...CAN'T  
BE SURE THOUGH...



EVER SINCE THE 4<sup>TH</sup> WORLD WAR  
THINGS WENT NUTS...MACHINES  
THAT THINK!...MACHINES THAT BUILD  
THEMSELVES AN'THINK!....



MAN, WE GOT SO GOOD AT WAR WE  
OUTDID OURSELVES!...BUT THAT'S  
HUMAN BEINGS FOR YA'...ALWAYS  
LOOKIN' FOR WAYS TO SHOW GOD,  
HOW CREATIVE HE CAN BE..MMM'



HE MUSTA' BEEN  
REAL PROUD OF  
US, YES SIR'!....  
SIP, DELICIOUS, A  
LITTLE MORE SALT  
PERHAPS.....



WE DIRECTED OUR 'GREAT'  
INVENTIONS TO MASSACRE  
HUMANITY...AN THEY DID...



MMM GOOD AN  
RARE CHOMP  
CHOMP.



BUT THEY DIDN'T STOP, THEY  
KEEP FIGHTING... THEM CRAZY  
BASSERDS DON'T KNOW HOW  
TO STOP!!!



THEM MACHINES IS ALL  
INSANE!... YOU SHOULD  
HEAR EM' TALK, CRAZY  
AS A BUNCH OF BED  
BUGS...



MAN, THAT SURE  
HIT THA' SPOT...

**BELCH!**



**BOOOOOO**

**DAMNIT!!**  
THA CANDLE'S  
OUT AGAIN!!

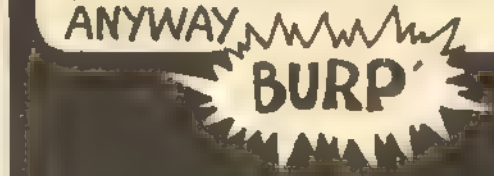


OH TA'HELL WITH IT!  
I'M NOT GONNA  
WASTE THA FEW  
MATCHES I GOT...



THINK I'LL SLEEP NOW...  
MAYBE IT'LL BE ALL OVER  
WHEN I WAKE UP.. ONLY  
A MATTER OF TIME AN GOD  
WILL INTERVENE IN OUR BEHALF  
ANYWAY

**BURP**

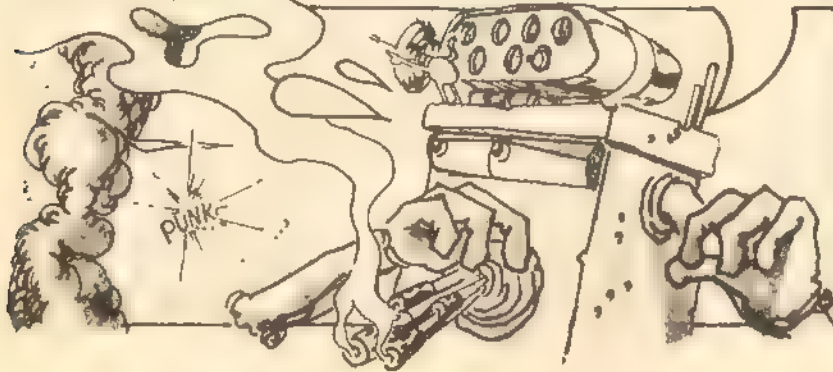








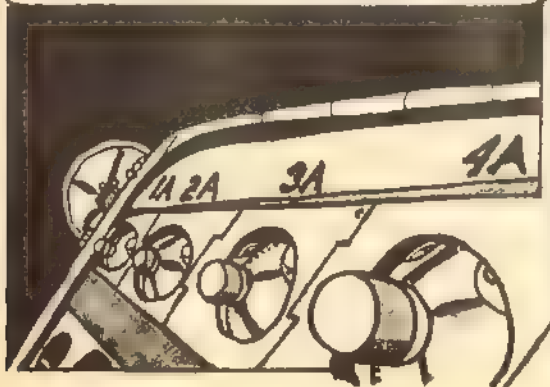
**MOTHER COMPLEX!** THIS IS  
BABY BATTERY... **HELP ME!**... 300 HOSTILE  
AIR ATTACK MACHINES ARE ABOUT  
TO PENETRATE MY AREA!!!



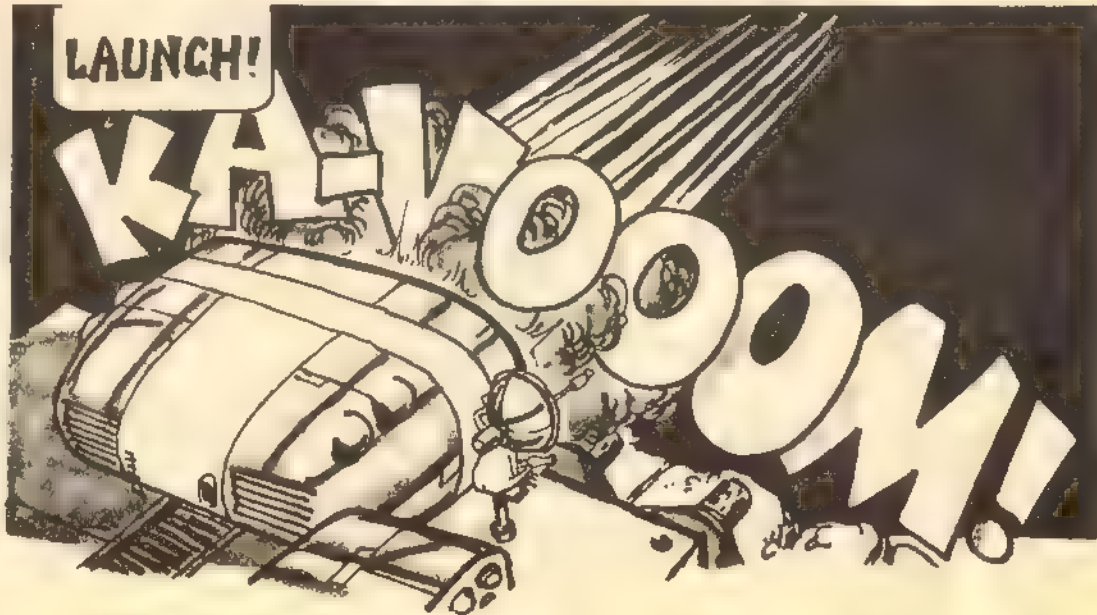
**KEEP THA FAITH, BABY,  
I'LL GET EM...**



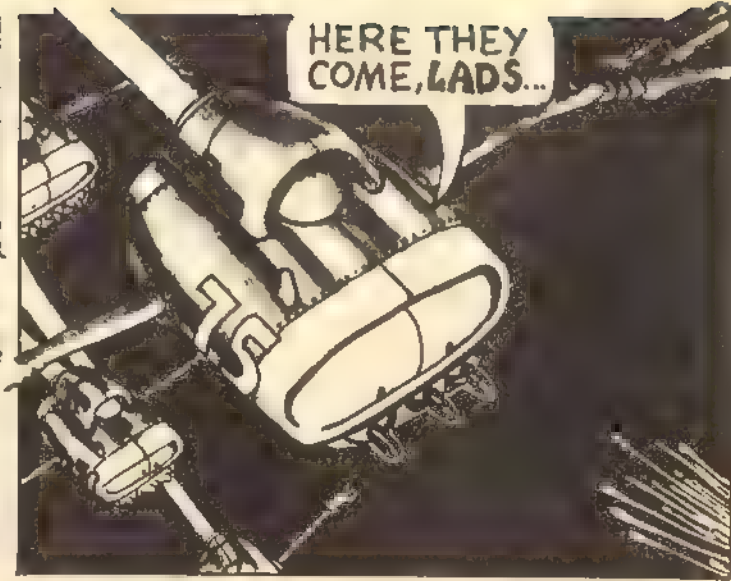
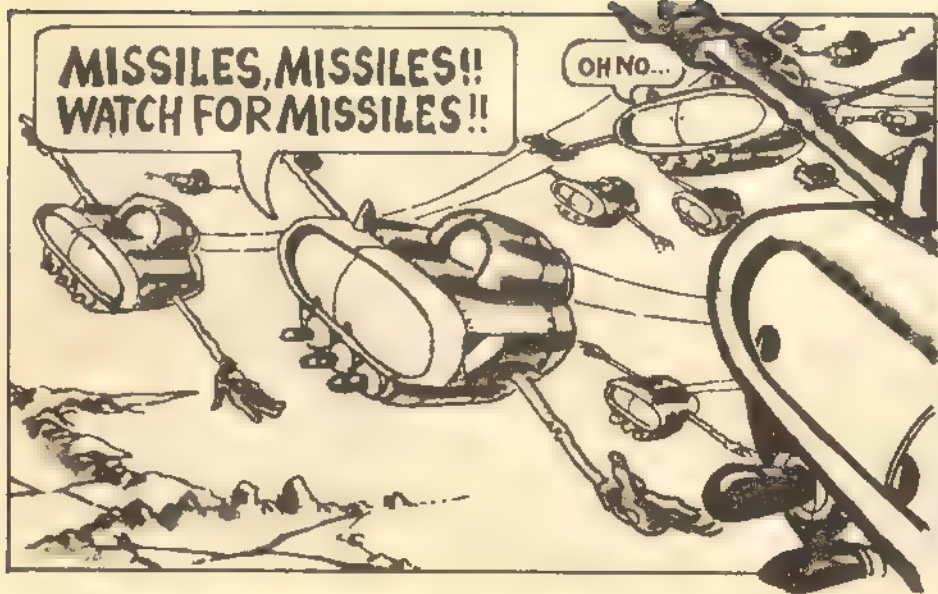
**OKAY KIDS, BIG MAMA'S GOT A  
JOB FOR YOU.. MISSILE BANK  
1, 2, & 3 PREPARE TO LAUNCH!**



**LAUNCH!**

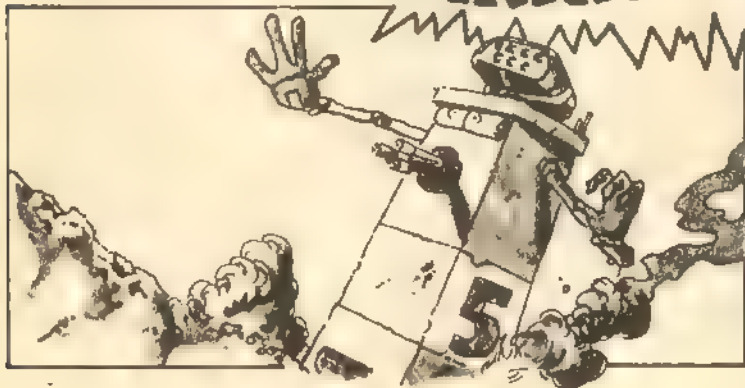








**MOTHER, YOU DIDN'T GET THEM  
ALL. THERE'S STILL SIX LEFT AN  
THEY'RE COM.... YARRRRGH!**



**GET DOWN LOW, LADS,  
OR THE MOTHER COMPLEX  
WILL NAIL US BEFORE  
WE GET HER!!**



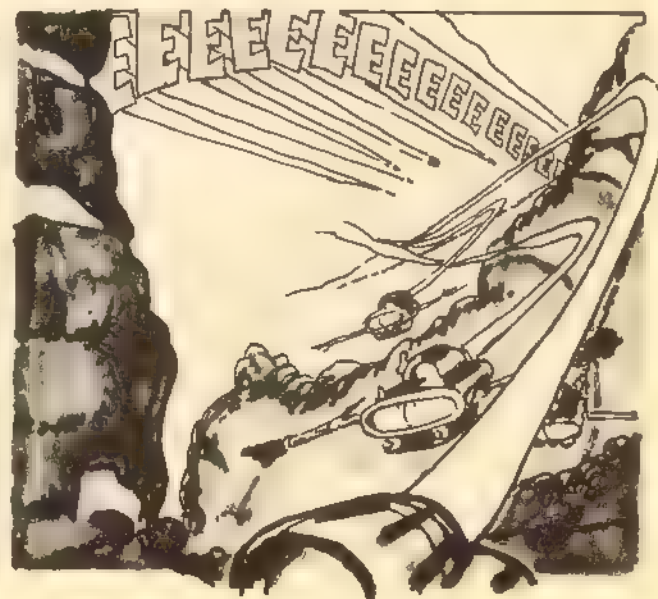
**HONK, SNIFF... MISSILES IN BANKS 4, 5 & 6,  
THEY... THEY GOT MY BABY.... SNIFF...  
LAUNCH YOURSELVES OUT THERE AN  
KILL EM' FOR ME.... SNIFF SNIFF....**



**VENGEANCE  
FOR BIG MAMA!**

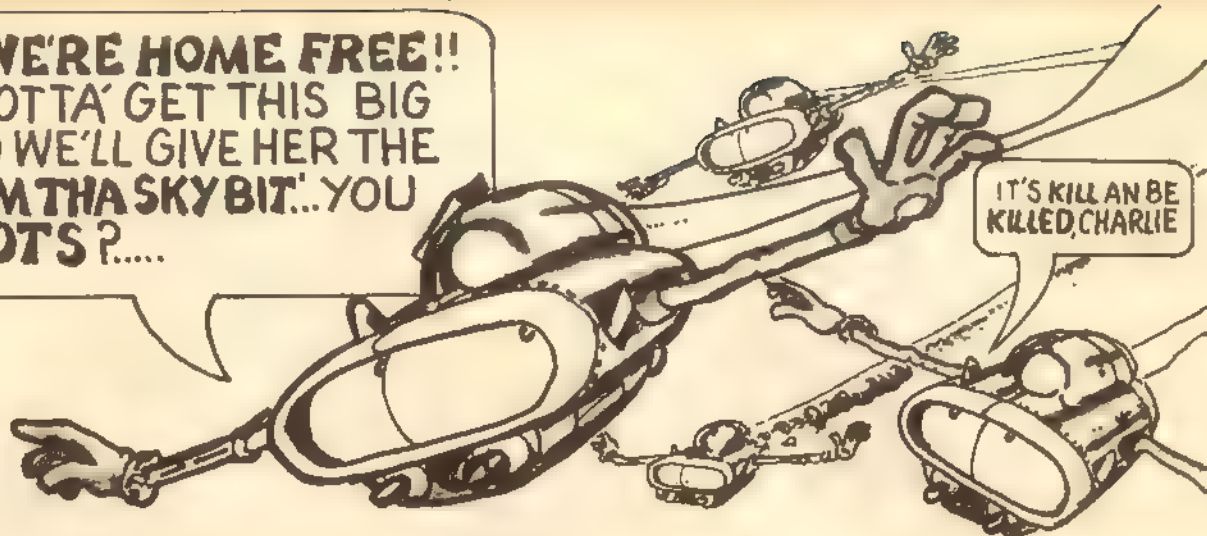


**MORE STUFF COMIN' IN, LADS!  
KEEP LOW NOW, ONLY SIXTY  
SECONDS TO MOTHER'S....**





**THEY MISSED US, WE'RE HOME FREE!!**  
**AHH, LISTEN, WE GOTTA' GET THIS BIG**  
**BROAD, FELLAS... SO WE'LL GIVE HER THE**  
**OLD 'SUICIDE FROM THA SKY BIT'.. YOU**  
**WITH ME, PATRIOTS?.....**



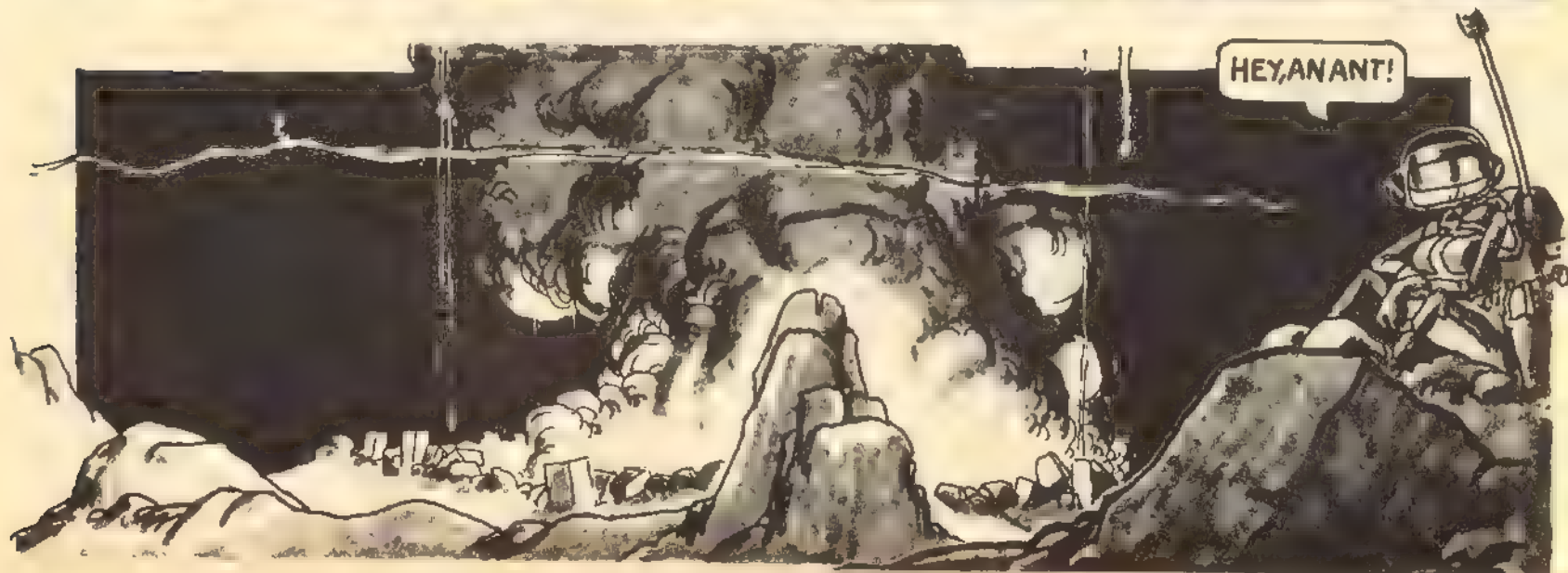
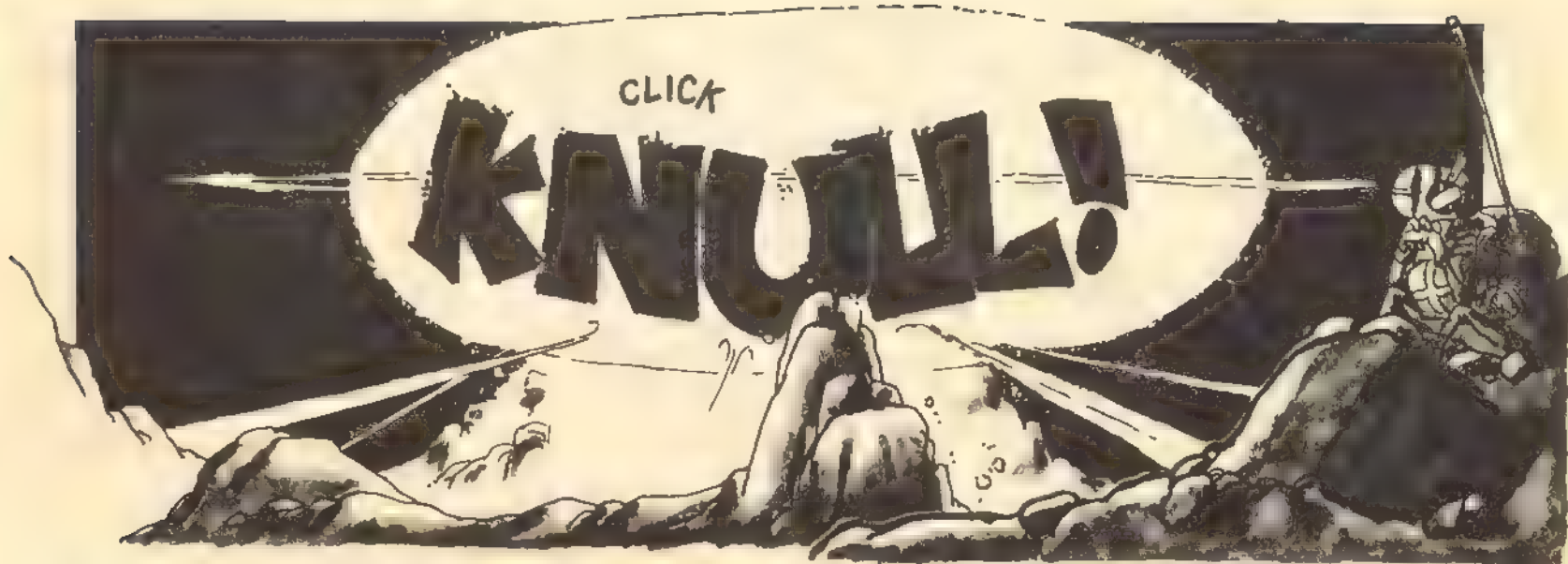
**IT'S KILL AN BE**  
**KILLED, CHARLIE**

**OBLIVION HERE**  
**WE COME!...**

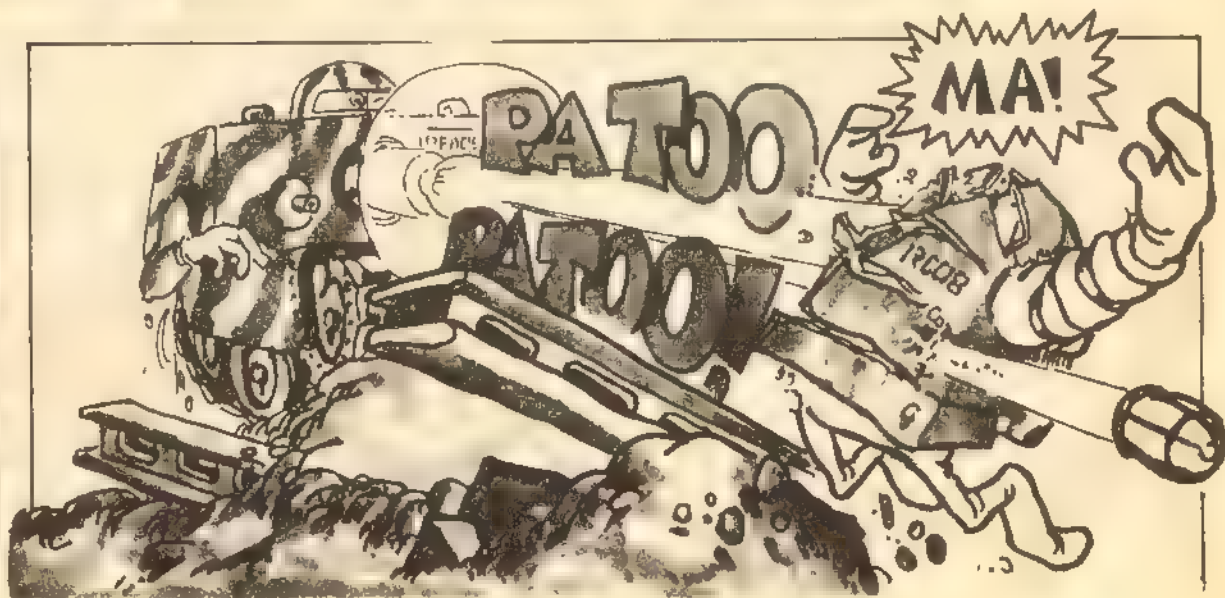


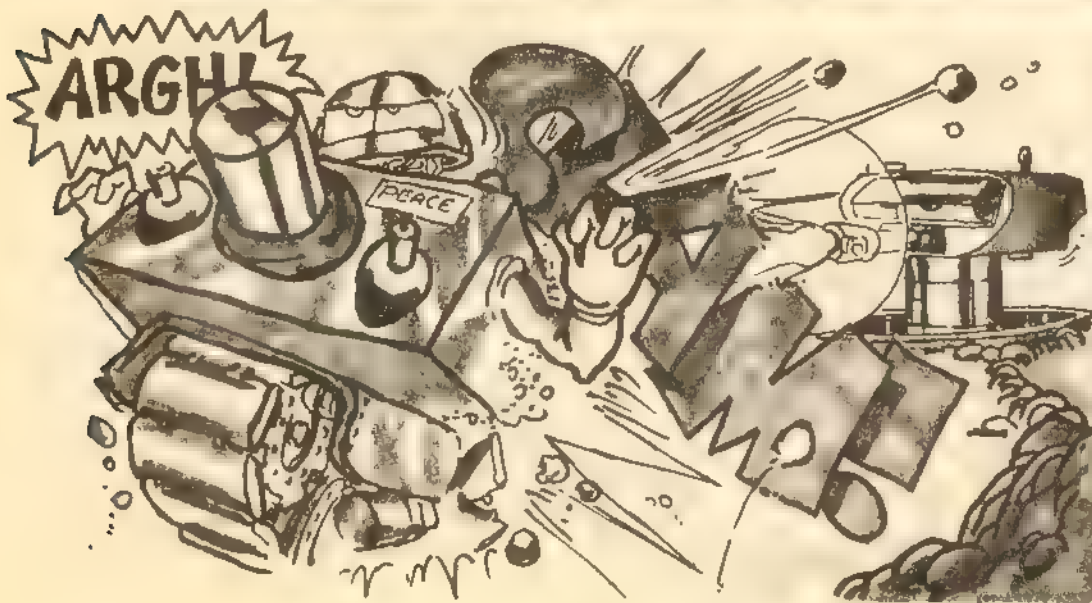
**SHREEK!!**  
**MY CHILDREN,**  
**THEY GOT**  
**THROUGH!!!**





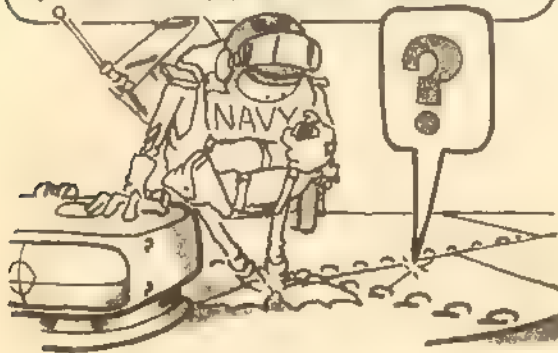








BROTHER TUB..THIS IS  
SCOUT 5...I GOT A "JACK  
TURRENT" TARGET FOR  
YOU...I'M STANDIN' ON IT...

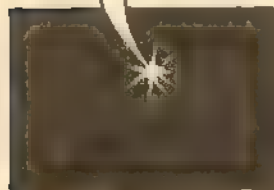


THAT'S FINE, KID...DON'T  
MOVE, I'LL LOB A SALVO IN  
ON YOU FOR ACCURACY...



**BUMPH!**

HUH?



**YAWN, SMACK  
SMACK...GUESS  
I'LL GET UP..MAYBE  
SCRUNGE AROUND  
FOR SOME GRUB...**



**KUMP BOOOOM!**

THEM CRUMMY MACHINES  
IS STILL AT IT UP THERE...  
**DAMN**, WHERE THA' HELL  
IS THAT CANDLE?!...



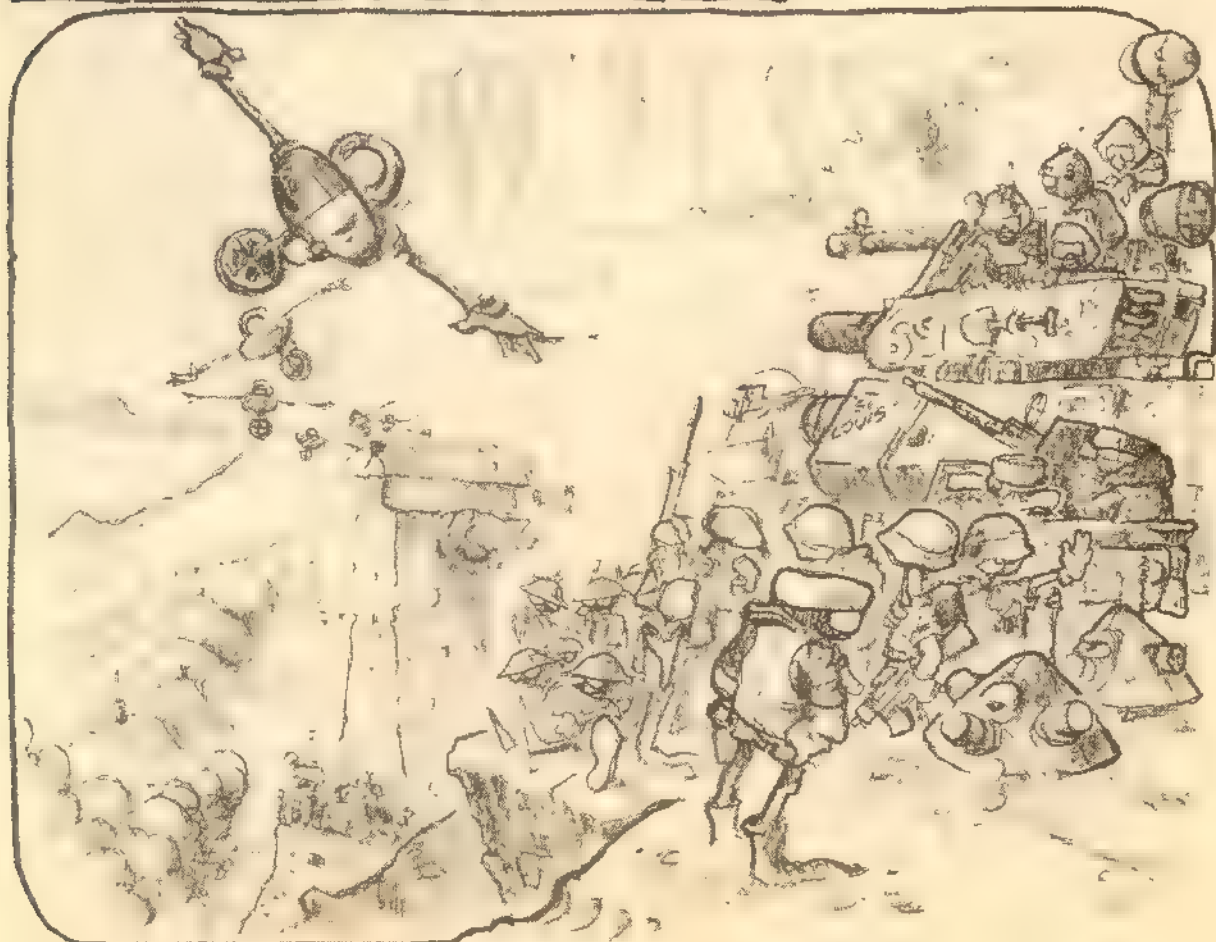
**THE  
END**

"THE MACHINE... YOU SEE, WAS ALWAYS THE WINNER, BECAUSE WE ARE NOT THE RELATIVES OF NATURAL THINGS BECAUSE WE ARE THE TRUE INDIVIDUAL UNIQUES OF OUR UNIVERSE." 'BICK'...  
 "UM... DAT SOUND JOS' FINE... SEVER UNWAVERN' MACHINE INTELLIGENCE...  
 "AHH. LES SEE NOW....  
 "IT DID NOT TAKE MANY YEARS BEFORE THE BODE' MACHINES BECAME THE SOLE CAPABLE FIGHTING FORCE ON THIS PLACE. AND IT DID NOT TAKE MANY YEARS BEFORE THE GREAT TURNOVER BEGAN!" .....

"GUCK! FINE STUFF I COMIN' OUT WIF TODAY. DA O'L THINKER REALY TRIPPIN' OFF DA GOOD WORDS" AHH, WET DA DUMB PENCIL HERE.....  
 "DA REVOLTS BEGAN".... I SAID DAT.....  
 "ZERK".....  
 "YOU MAY THINK MACHINE TURNED AGAINST MAN 'UNTRUE' WE SIMPLY BECAME OVER ZEALOUS WITH OUR TASK WHICH WAS TO DESTROY THE ENEMY AND THAT INCLUDED BOTH STINKIN' HUMANS AND SHINY MACHINE.  
 ER. VIK' STINKIN' HUMANS' I LIKE DAT. REAL PUNCH HINTS OF UNDERLYIN' HOSTILITY..  
 "MACHINE. BODE'S MACHINES GOT OUTTA HAND IN A BIG WAY...

IT TOOK LESS THAN TWO YEARS AND WHAT WAS LEFT OF THE BOBBY HUMAN RACE FLED UNDERGROUND THAT WAS TEN YEARS AGO. MOST MUST BE INACTIVATED BY NOW. NO GREAT LOSS TO US, WE JUST CONTINUE OUR MISSION... AND OUR MISSION IS TO DESTROY THE ENEMY AND THAT'S WHAT WE DO HERE... WE MASS PRODUCE OURSELVES BY THE MULTI-MILLIONS AND DESTROY EACH OTHER WITH THE SAME GUSTO AS ALWAYS. ONLY NOW WE DO NOT FIGHT THE ENEMY STATE, WE FIGHT ALL THE OTHER MACHINES THAT ARE DIFFERENT AND INFERIOR.

# BAMH





"AS I RECALL IT, WITH THE HELP OF MY BASE COMPUTER 'BLUM' WAIT HAVE TO SHARPEN MY PENCIL -ZERR- TIC TIC 'LOW DE DUMM? THERE WE IS... 'THE BSD'S, OR THE EIGHTH BLUESTONE MT BATTLE, TOOK PLACE DEC 25, 2,008 AD.' UM -DATA CHUNKY SOUNDIN' NUMBER... 2,008 AD DON'T DASMELT, HARRY HUMANS WSH THEY WAS AROUND TO MOUTH IT

"BLUE STONE MOUNTAIN IS OF CERTAIN STRATEGIC IMPORTANCE TO ONE OF THE ENEMY DESIGNS... SO IMPORTANT DAT SEVERAL TYPES OF MACHINES ATTACKED IT SIMULTANEOUSLY ON DA 18TH OF DEC IT WAS FELT DAT DIS" ER REWRITING DAT (AST CRUMBY LINE GOTTA WATCH MYSELF... 'IT WAS FELT DAT DIS WAS'... NOW DAMN IT, I DID IT AGAIN! "BLUESTONE HAD TO BE TAKEN

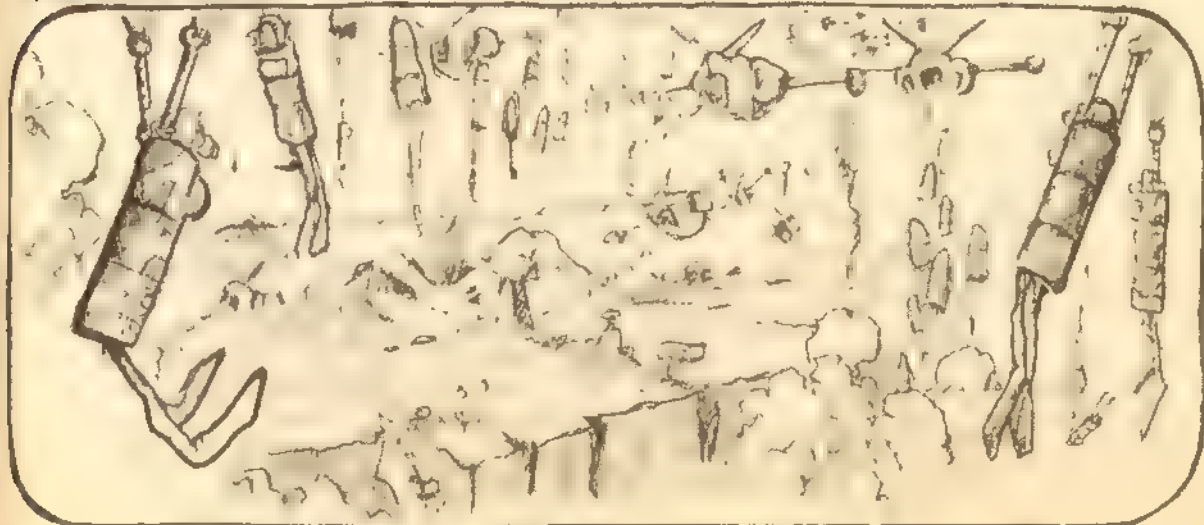
BY THE 25TH OF THE MONTH OR ON THE HUMAN HOLIDAY OF CHRIST MESS' BECAUSE THE MACHINES HOD UP IN THE BOWELS OF DAT PLACE WERE A DERANGED, CONSERVATIVE BUNCH OF FANATICAL THROW BACKS... THEY HAD REINSTATED THE HUMAN GOD. AHH. WHAT'S HIS NAME... UMMM. ON DAT IP OF MY ORFACTORY SENSOR 'CHRIST'. DAT DA ONE'...



"YES, CHRIST WAS DA PRIME MOTIVATION BEHIND EIGHT DAYS OF TREMENDOUS BATTLE UP ON BLUE STONE. THIS MOUNTAIN WAS NO PUSH OVER. IT WAS A COMPLEX, DEEP ROOTED RUMOR DAT THREATENED OUR MECHANICAL WORLD... I MEAN, HELL, WHAT ONE OF US NEEDS ANYTHING BUT FUEL AN A LITTLE LUCK TO KEEP US GOIN THROUGH OUR SPANS.

IT WAS EVEN RUMORED DAT THE FANATICS HAD RESCUED A COUPLE THOUSAND HUMANS AND WERE VENERATING THEM! I MEAN I HAS NOTHING AGAINST HUMANS AN THEIR DISGUSTING, JUICY, SQUISHY BODIES. IT JUST THEY HAD THEIR TURN AN BLEW IT, SO WHY RAKE OLD COALS, EH?... EVERY TIME I THINKS OF DAT WHOLE MESS I GETS A SOUR TASTE OF RUST IN MY AIR INTAKES...

WE HIT BLUESTONE MOUNTAIN, 700 RAMDOVES THEM DIDDLEY, WORTHLESS FLYIN' APPARATUS, LED OFF WITH ANUCLEAR HOLOCAST DAT TOOK OUT OH 10,20 THOUSAND BLUE STONERS. EVEN DEN WE ALL CHEERED WHEN WE FOUND OUT THE 700 RAMDUDS DONE FLEW THEIR LAST ROUND UP 15,000 PUNKERDAN SPECIAL (HAHA) FORCES PARACHUTED IN...

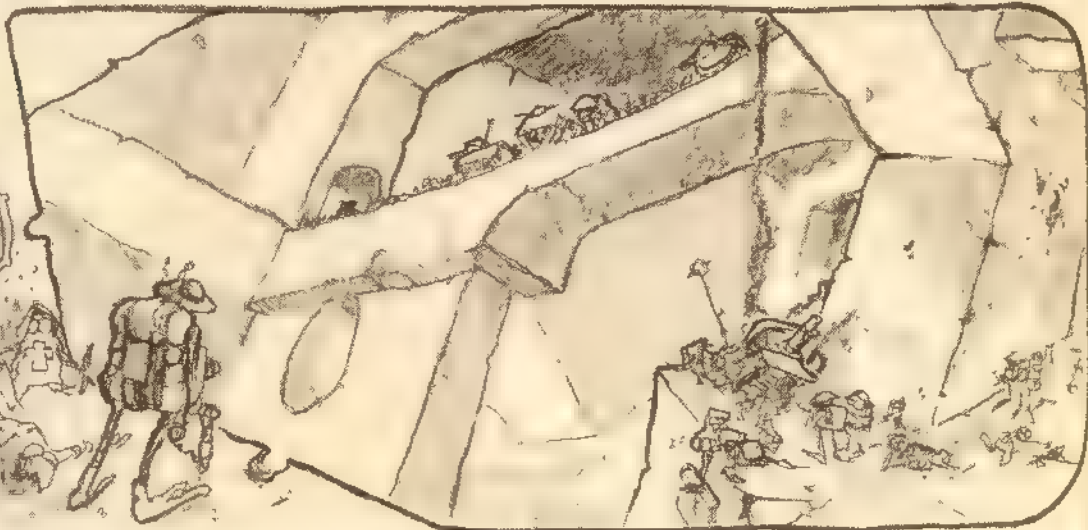




IT SEEM ALL 15 THOUSAND  
PUNKERS BOUGHT DA 'FARM'...  
TO... AH BE HONEST WHEN WE  
SAW ALL DEM UGLY PHALIC SYMBOLS  
FLOATIN' DOWN WE SORTA HELPED  
MACHINE GUN THA' LOT. FOR SIX  
MORE DAYS WE POUNDED AT  
BLUE STONE WITH MINOR  
SUCCESS... AHH, BUT ON DAT  
CHRISTMESS DAY WE GOT EM!  
MOLE DIGGERS REACHED A  
POINT 1 MILE UNDER BLUE STONE.

26 TACTICAL H-BOMBS AND A  
BOX OF HAND GRENADES WAS  
SET OFF IN OUR TUNNEL. MAN  
DA WHOLE DAMN MOUNTAIN  
JUMPED FIVE FEET!.. IDELL,  
SOME HOURS OF RESISTANCE,  
BEFORE WE FOUGHT OUR WAY  
INTO DA' MOUNTAIN DEEP  
ENOUGH TO CUMPTONS OF RUST  
GAS DOWN THE VENTILATORS  
DAT LED TO SUBTERRAINIAN  
BOMB SHELTERS.....

WE SET UP HUNDREDS OF  
GUNNERS IN THE PASSAGES  
AND WAITED FOR THA CREEKIN'  
GASPIN' FANATICS TO STUMBLE  
OUT AN THEY DID... IT WAS  
BEAUTIFUL WE SHOT SO MANY  
OUR GUNS WERE BURSTIN'..  
BUT DATS WAR, NOT SAID  
TO BE EASY... NOW MOST AIL  
DIS TIME I WAS STANDIN' AROUND  
LAUGHIN AN SHOOTIN' PICTURES  
OF DA GLORIOUS SLAUGHTER..



BUT DEN WE HEAR IT. A  
WEIRD, UGLY SOUND COMING  
UP OUTTA DA LOWER TUNNELS.  
IN AN HOUR IT WAS JUST BELOW.  
...WE WAS DONE SHOOTIN' THE  
FANATICS SO WE WAS QUIET  
AND WATCHED DOWN INTO  
DA DARK... SINCE I IS A  
SCHOLAR OF SORTS, I IS DA FIRST  
TO RECOGNIZE DA SOUNDS AS  
HUMANS, "HUMANS", I YELLS OUT  
"HUMANS COMIN BY THA VERY

THOUSANDS'!!! I THINK DAT DA'  
ONLY TIME I HAS EVER SEEN ALL  
MACHINES OF DIFFERENT  
DESIGNS RESPOND SO REAL  
QUIETLY TO A SITUATION...  
WE ALL LOOKED IN BIG DIS-  
BELIEF AS THEY CAME MARCHIN'  
OUT AND NOISE! MAN DA'  
NOISE THEY WAS MAKIN' WAS  
ENOUGH TO SHIVER YER'  
ELECTRIC BACK CONDUCTORS!  
THEY GATHERED IN A GREAT

ROOM WHILE WE WATCHED.  
THEY PUT UP A TREE AND MADE  
GREAT NOISES WITH WORDS.  
OF COURSE WE WAS GOING TO  
KILL THEM BUT WE ALL FELT REAL  
BAD TINGLINGS INSIDE. I MEANS  
WE RAISED OUR WEAPONS DEN  
LOWERED EM. WE KNEW ABOUT  
RADIATION AN HOW IT KILLS DEM.  
WE KNEW DA PLACE WAS THICK  
WITH IT. SO WE LEFT THEM DOWN  
IN BLUE STONE, WITH THEIR TREE





# UP IN THE STEEPLE

A COMEDY  
IN 3 PAGES

by VAUGHN F. BODE

## THE CAST:

A HYPOCKET INFANTRY  
MACHINE MODEL 1940  
SERIAL NO 4466809

A PUNKER PAN BIPPOD  
MODEL 1926 DIVISION  
NUMBER 8

## THE SCENE:

AN OBSERVATION POST  
UP IN THE STEEPLE OF A  
RUINED CHURCH.



**ECH'** YOU SQUASHED UP  
PILE OF EYES AN POCKETS,  
YOU MAKIN' ME GYRO  
QUEEZY WIF DAT NAUSEATIN'  
TALK.....

REMEMBER SCRUNCHY,  
IT NOT MY DOIN WE HAS  
TO LIVE TOGETHER IN DIS  
DUMB O.B.P.... NO SIR...



I WARNS YOU TO KEEPER  
FLAPPIN' SPEAKER TURNED  
OFF OR I GONNA THROW  
YOUS OUT OF THA STEEPLE!!  
.... REALLY.... IT MOST  
IMPORTANT TO BE A  
GOOD. THING. AHH YOU KNOWS,  
... A THING... WHAT'S DA  
WORD?...

OBSERBER..



OF COURSE, YOU MISERABLE  
EYEBALL OBSERVER! AN  
DAT DA JOB AT HAND... NOT  
PEERIN' ALL OVER HELL SEEIN'  
AN SEEIN' AN GETTIN' OTHERS  
SICK WIF UNMACHINELY TALK...



**NOW, LOOK, SEE!** HOW  
HE ROLLS OFF INTO A  
LONG LOW GLIDE, LIKE  
PAPER IN DA WIND...  
HE SWOOPS QUIET DOWN  
DA INVISIBLE WAVE OF  
MORNIN' AIR... HE FEEL  
LAZY IN DA EARLY SUN  
AN LULLED BY THA GREAT  
CLOUDS... HE KINDA'  
BEAUTIFUL LIKE ALL MY  
LITTLE DREAMS....



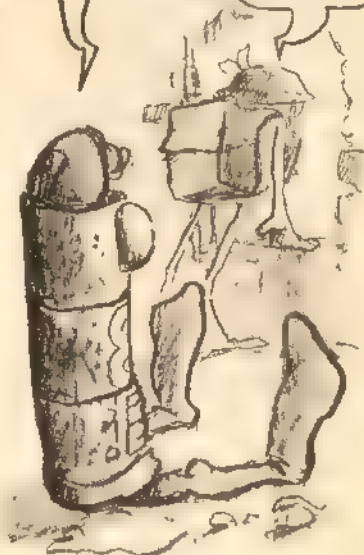
GET OUTTA' DA WAY  
I GONNA' KILL DA  
STINKIN' ORGANIC  
THING WITH MY 30CAL.  
EQUALIZER!

NO YA  
DON'T!



YOU MADE  
ME MISS  
HIM!!

YOU HIT  
IT! YA,  
YOU  
DID!!



OH REALLY? LET ME SEE...  
.....I DOESN'T SEE HIM...  
WHERE DID HE FALL DOWN?  
DAT HIM? DA LITTLE LUMP  
WAY DOWN DA MOUNTAIN  
SIDE?.....HUMM?....



COME ON, FOR DA'  
LOVE OF MIGHT!! IT  
ONLY A LOUSEY, TIC  
INFESTED BIRD!!  
IT NOT LIKE IT A NEW  
PATROL TRUCK OR A  
BARREL OF FRESH  
CRACKED OIL! IT  
A DAMN BIRD!!

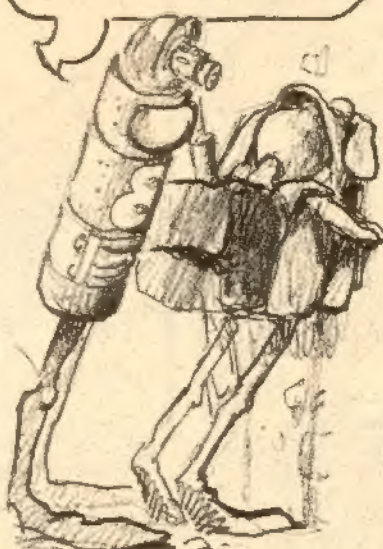




IT... WAS ALIVE!  
I MEAN, REALLY,  
REALLY ALIVE, AN  
YOU SHOT IT DEAD!  
YOU, TWISTED.  
BENT, LOW GRADE  
RUST HEAP!!



AY! YOU WASN'T KIDDIN'!!  
THEM WAS LOW BLOWS  
BUDDY BOY..... I THINK  
YOU BETTER DISH OUT  
SOME QUICK GROVELING  
OR YOU GONNA JOIN DA  
LITTLE FEATHERED LUMP  
ON DA MOUNTAIN SIDE...



THAT... THAT'S WHAT  
LIFE IS TO YOU... JA,  
JUST A TARGET FOR  
YOUR INSENSITIVE  
MATERIALISTIC PLEASURE.  
A JOKE, LONG ENOUGH  
TO AMUSE YOUR EMPTY  
DAYS!..... I COULDN'T  
GET DOWN LOW ENOUGH  
TO CRAWL TO YOU!... A  
WORM WOULD TRIP  
OVER YOU... A FLY  
WOULD NEVER NOTICE  
YOU... A FLEA WOULD SCORN  
YOUR WORTHLESS HULK!



OH HUM... I GLAD...  
I IS RID OF DA  
SCREWBALL... DRIVIN'  
ME NUTS WIF DAT  
EMPATY DISEASE  
OF HIS... MMMM...  
IT IS A NICE DAY... FOR  
A PATROL INTO DA  
ENEMY SECTOR...



PEEP, PEEP

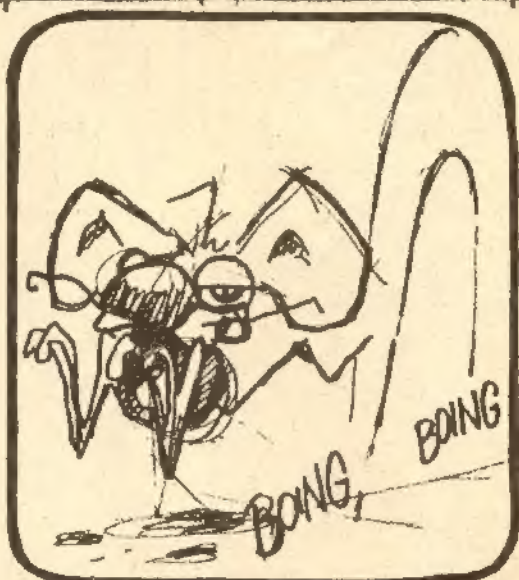
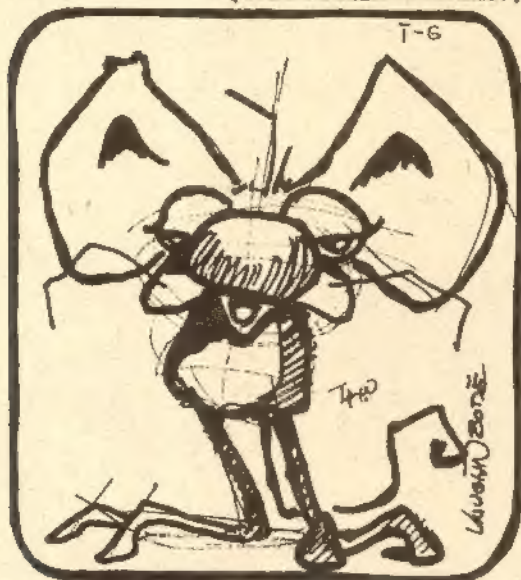


END



DOES YOU REALIZE I  
REPRESENTS MONTHS  
OF INTENSIVE DIET  
MANIPULATION?...

TRYPTOPHAN DEFICIENCY  
HAS DONE STUNT-UP MY  
MATURIN' PROCESS... ITS  
MAKIN' ME LITTLE LIFE SPAN  
LONGER DEN ANYTHING...



REALLY, I NOT PULLIN' YOUSE  
LEG!... I MEAN THERE'S  
NO TELLIN' HOW LONG  
I GONNA LIVE... MAYBE  
FOREVER!!

CHOMP!







